

17  
EPILOGUE to the MISER.

Writ by Mr. LOCKMAN, Secretary of the Free British Fishery

AND SPOKE

By Mr. SHUTER, in the Character of a Boatwain, accompanied  
by a considerable Number of the Boys.

HITHER We're bound.—Avast!—Inchanting Spot!

[Turning about to the Audience.]

Strange Turn in Things!—How whimsical's my Lot!

I, whose rough Province is to plough the Sea;  
To bid weigh Anchor; reef; or Helm-a-Lee:  
Am here turn'd Spokesman for our pigmy Tars;  
Sent, in Their Name, to thank these shining Stars:  
This Choir of Beauties, to whose Smile they owe  
Blessings, which none but Godlike Minds bestow.—  
Thrice arduous Task!—I scarce know what to say;  
Yet, my brave Captain's Orders I'd obey.

[Three Huzzas, by the Boys.]

Reviving Cheers! my little Hearts of Gold.—  
You're right.—To claim Success, We must be bold.—  
I'll take the Hint.—This splendid Audience face.—  
My Theme hates Flourishes, or studied Grace.

Ye LADIES! who in patriot Acts delight,  
(Strong Contrast to the MISER of this Night!)  
By whose pleas'd Aspect, 'tis well understood,  
No Joy's so sweet as that of doing Good:—  
The gladden'd Objects who around Me stand,  
Till lately, were the Outcast of our Land.  
Sprung from the Dregs, a Nuisance long they lay;  
Expos'd, to every Vice, an easy Prey.

But your Indulgence has revers'd the Scene;  
Hush'd the dark Storm, Their Prospect's now serene.  
Rescued from shiv'ring Want's voracious Jaws,  
They'll not be tempted to infringe the Laws;  
But, past some Hours, a kind Asylum meet,  
Lodg'd in the Bosom of great GEORGE'S Fleet.

GENIUS in every Class of Life is found:  
Now gilds a Throne, now creeps along the Ground.  
Among these Lads, who once were Fortune's Scorn,  
Some are, perhaps, for great Achievements born:  
May, high advanc'd, BRITANNIA'S Foes defeat,  
And, grateful, lay rich Trophies at Your Feet:  
May emulate a BENBOW, or a BLAKE;  
Equal a RUSSEL, or shine forth a DRAKE:  
May shield our envied Trade beneath each Sky;  
On Gallia's frighted Coasts bid Thunders fly:  
Protect our Colonies 'mid fierce Alarms;  
Those of our Rival, crush, with vengeful Arms:  
And grasping the proud Trident of the Main,  
Round the vast Globe our native Rights maintain.